# THE REPOSITORY,

AND

# Ladies' Weekly Museum.

*BY SOLOMON SLENDER, ESQ.*

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*For the Repository.*

*Sketch of the Military Academy at West-Point.*

Viewing, with pleasure, the rapid progress of our country towards eminence in the nobler and more difficult paths of science, we present our readers with a brief description of the *American* Military Academy, an institution that reflects so much honour on its founders, and that promises the most important advantages to the U. States.

The plan of this institution, first conceived by *one of the brightest ornaments of America, and carried into effect by Mr JEFFERSON immediately on his election to the presidential chair, was to organize and establish, on a respectable and permanent footing, a corps of Engineers, similar to the corps of the same denomination in England and France. That the design was effectually executed, the subsequent illustration will evince.

To this Academy the gentlemen cadets, entered for commissions in the corps of Engineers and Artillerists, are sent for preparatory instruction. The superintendance of the establishment is entrusted to the care of Lieut. Col. WILLIAMS, a gentleman whose name is dear to science, and whose urbanity of manners renders him universally respected and beloved. The professor of Mathematics is always the senior resident officer of the corps of Engineers.....Lessons on French and Drawing are delivered by Mr. De Masson.

Examinations of the pupils are frequent. Before a Cadet can obtain a commission, it is required that he shall be acquainted with the mathematics generally, *i. e.* Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, theoretical and practical; Trigonometry, including the calculation of heights and distances; fortifications, &c. Being masters of these branches of science, the Cadets obtain testimonials of qualification, & are then promoted as vacancies occur.

When it is considered how many of our officers are unacquainted with the scientific branches of their profession, the reflecting mind cannot but applaud the wisdom that dictated, and the liberality that carried into effect, a scheme so important to our yet infant state.

* General HAMILTON.

*For the Repository.*

## 'THEATRICAL CENSOR.'

"His thoughts were LOW,
To vice industrious, but to noble deeds
Tim'rous and slothful—yet he pleas'd the ear:
* * *
Dissimulation screened his dark thoughts,
And set to PUBLIC view a specious
Face of innocence."

Mr. SLENDER,

Amidst the variety of new publications, Science, Biography, Adventures and Criticism, permit me to offer a few cursory remarks on that of the Theatrical Censor. As an essayist, I should not question the talents of its Editor, but since its commencement, I am induced to think that he can prefer no claim to the originality of a critic. This, Mr Slender, is not an hypothesis which I have framed, but the result of minute attention to every number of the Censor. Added to the generality of opinion, I do not condem the plan on which it is built, but censure the architect—for man, as a rational animal, has deeply ingrafted in him the principles of grandeur; his thirst for fame must be very considerable, therefore it is not surprising, if he conceives, that whatever has a tendency to enhance his *pride* and self-love, must fill him with a notion of pre-eminence, and inspire him with a

hankering desire both for its prosecution and promotion, for there is a vast difference in minds as well as bodies, though the *substance* be similar—this at once acts as an apology for the extenuated ambition of the Editor. Yet *all* that hearkens to the voice of reason, and follow universally its suggestions, may be esteemed connoiseurs in writing, and conducted by this light, which is unerring, we can easily take a close view of the perfections and imperfections of a Critic, and set a distinguished mark upon the *just* and the *erroneous* opinion, upon what warms and affects the head, with movements not to be resisted, and what I may say, but barely makes an impression:—this *also* apologizes for the notice taken of the improprieties, defects, and incongruities of the Censor, which are weekly exposed to the eye of the reader. From a view of the first number, we had formed a happy presage of its merit, which the second entirely obliterated. Let me ask you, Mr Slender, if you have ever seen the *debut* of a performer noticed in so *unfeeling*, and, let me add, *ungentlemanlike*, manner, as Mr Rutherford's, in the second notice of the first number. It is not my intention to descant on the merits or demerits of Mr Rutherford; but he was a *stranger*, and consequently entitled to some lenity, and, what renders this conduct more reprehensible, he palpably contradicts his first assertion, by acknowledging his 'Corporal Foss was well delineated,' and exclaimed with uncle Toby, 'thou hast *many excellencies*, Trim.'

In the second number he observes, 'that it would be an advantage to Mr Wood, had he a little more of the playful levity of *Lewis*.'—Pray, how is a Philadelphia audience, who have *never seen* Mr L. to judge of that improvement or advantage?—This absurd dogma requires no comment.

In noticing Mrs Woodham's appearance in the Soldier's Daughter, he concludes by observing, 'let it not be supposed that she is without faults, which we shall *notice in due time*.'—Eleven numbers of the Censor have been published, without enumerating *one* fault she possesses. If she has *not* any, we must credit him for a *fabrication*, as he asserted *she had*, without noticing them. I know of a few natural defects she labours under, too trifling to notice, but even those should not have escaped his *very* critical eye. In Susan Ashfield, he speaks of 'some trifling imperfections in her pronounciation, which he will notice hereafter. Why is it not done? He honoured every individual of the theatre with a notice of *their* faults, save Mrs Woodham. The only time that he should have been 'slow to censure,' that time was he unfeelingly severe. The acceptance of a character is not optional to a performer, and the most undiscerning person could have perceived, that the character of *Leonora*, in the Revenge, was not suited to Mrs Woodham's talents, and consequently made a just allowance, but *he* thought it an excellent opportunity to declaim against her, without sustaining injury from public opinion.

Of Mr Jefferson's *Tyke*, in the School of Reform, he was most elaborate in his censure, and, at the same time, *indulged* the public by transcribing several pages of the play, and by his notes thereon, to prove that he had an incorrect idea of the character.—Upon a repetition of the Comedy, and on the most minute circumspection, there was found to be *no difference* in the performance of Mr J. yet he was pleased to say 'he has chastened himself, and consequently improved'!

When the veteran philosopher and cynic acknowledged the great support the character of young Norval received from Mr Cain, the Censor *kindly* observed,

'I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines.'

so it appears that *opposition* to public opinion is an inherant principle in him.

Speaking of the 'Wife of two Husbands,' he observes ''Tis little more than a translation by Mr *Dunlap*.'—Can you possibly, Mr Slender, be prejudiced in favour of a man, who attends the theatre regular for the purpose of criticising the *play* and its performance, and yet is ignorant of the author's name, whose very play he is either about commending or condemning? The Wife of two Husbands was translated from the French, by *James Cobb*, when in fact a wide difference exists between the two copies.

In his critique on Hamlet, he says 'Mr M'Kenzie played LAERTES *better* than Mr Cain did last year.' In the first place, Mr Cain *did not* play Laertes last year, and further, what causes our admiration, the Editor of the *Theatrical Censor* has *never seen* Mr Cain play that character. What inference is to be deduced from this assertion? How are we to think, how to act, how are we to judge of the merits of M'Kenzie's performance, when we find *a falsehood* asserted in both instances? Let your readers and the readers of the Censor form their comments thereon.

In the Eleventh number, under the assumed title of *Hornbook*, he has *unknowingly* rendered you infinite service and amusement in condemning the Repository. You cannot require more *flattering* encomiums on the paper, than to be censured by him. Your note to your correspondent '*M*,' seems to trouble him. He would not be

thought *mercenary*; he would wish the world to think that he derives no emolument from the sale of the Censor. But if he would endeavour to *merit* patronage, no complaints would be issued: for during an interesting scene in Macbeth, he was engaged in conversation with Mr Woodham in the orchestra, and on this very scene was his critique elaborate. As a *Corrector of the Press*, we see him in office, engaged in ridiculing a few *typographical* errors that have appeared in the Repository. Two or three mole-hills in grammar are magnified into mountains, but I presume your correspondent deems it more commendable to tell the plain truth, than to *lie grammatically*. As a further testimony of this man's justice, I shall record one instance more:—an acquaintance, (probably to try his amiable disposition,) informed him that it was the intention of Mr Jefferson to chastise his insolence, for daring to name him in such disrespectful terms as he had done. Fired at the supposed insult, he sat him down, and penned two pages of the most bitter invective Malevolence could dictate. By the timely interference of a friend it was suppressed, who represennted Mr Jefferson's disposition in its original light, as incapable of any thing beneath the dignity of a Gentleman—And this conduct the Censor would say is adhering to his motto, 'Nothing extenuate, or aught *set down in malice*.'

And now Mr Slender, after having devoted some *mispent* time, to a subject which no other person would condescend to notice, I shall conclude by acknowledging, that at the commencement of my observations, I had *not* formed so contemptible an opinion of the Editor, as when I had proceeded to investigate his conduct, and the further I proceeded, the more reasonably was I convinced, that he was destitute of *Justice*, *Truth*, and *Mercy*.

GRUMBO.

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## BIOGRAPHY.

### *LIFE OF HANDEL.*

[*Concluded from page* 18.]

After this he made a faint attempt to procure an audience at the house which his rivals had deserted in Lincoln's-Inn Fields; but, having no prospect of success, he soon removed to Covent garden, and entered into a partnership with Mr. Rich. At Covent-garden he performed his opera of of Ariadne, in the winter of 1733; while an opera of the same name, composed by Porpora, was performed at the Hay-market; and he had the mortification to find that, supposing he could have made a stand against Porpora's music, he could make none against Farneli's voice. This was the more humbling, as he had arrogated his former success to himself, and had affected to despise a singer, who, as this experiment proved, had a right to divide it with him; yet he continued his opposition with the same spirit of obstinacy that had begun it, till he was obliged to draw out of the funds almost all he was worth, to discharge the debts in which it had involved him; then indeed he thought fit to desist; and his disappointment had such an effect upon his passions, that, for a time it cost him not only his health, but his undestanding. His right arm was rendered useless by a stroke of the palsy; and by fits he said and did so many extravagant things, that there was no room to doubt of his being out of his mind. From this deplorable state he was at length recovered, chiefly by the use of the baths at Aix-la-Chapelle, and returned again to London in 1736.

Soon after his return his Alexander's Feast was performed at Covent-garden, and was well received. In the mean time many misunderstanderings and much mismanagement had so greatly reduced the success and splendour of the Hay-market, that, to retrieve them, Lord Middlesex undertook the direction of it himself, and applied once more to Handel, to supply it with compositions. Handel made two opera's for his Lordship, called Faramondo and Allessandro Severo. Both were performed at the Hay-market, in 1737, and Handel received for them 1000*l*.

The public resentment against Handel now began to yield to the sense of his abilities. In the year 1738 he received 1500*l*. from a single benefit at the Hay-market; and nothing was wanting to recover his affairs, but such concesiions, ou his part, as his opponents had a right to expect.

These concessions however his temper would no tsuffer him to make; and, that he might no more be thought under obligations to act as he was directed by others, he refused to enter into any engagements upon subscriptions. After performing a few more operas at Covent-garden, without success, he introduced another species of music, called oratories, which thought better suited to the native gravity of an English audience. As the subjects of these pieces were always taken from sacred history, it was, by some, thought a prophanation to set them to music, and perform them at a play-house. These notions however were not general enough to prevent oratories from being sung as dramatic dialogues; but they prevailed against acting them, and thus rendered the entertainment much less evpressive and perfect than it might have been made by action, dresses, and scenery.

His oratorios however had not the success they deserved, yet he continued to perform them in Lent, till the year 1741, when his affairs were in so bad a situation, that he quitted England, and went to try his fortune in Dublin, where he was received in a manner that shewed a strong sense of his merit, and was a tacit reproach to the opposition so long continued against him there. During his stay in Ireland, which was about nine months, his affairs were brought into a better situation at his return in 1741-2; and, finding the publick much more favourably disposed, he at length became again its favourite, to which it is probable the honourable manner in which Mr Pope mentioned him in the fourth book of his Dunciad, did not a little contribute.

He immediately recommenced his oratorios at Covent-garden, beginning with Sampson, and they were received with great applause. His 'Messiah,'

which had been before so coldly received, now became a favourite performance; and Handel, therefore, with a generous humanity that would have done honour to any character, determined to perform it annually for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital, an institution then in its infancy, and supported only by private benefactions.

In the year 1751, he became blind, by a disease of the eyes called a gutta serena, which for a time sunk to the deepest despondency, and he could not rest till he had undergone some operations as fruitless as they were painful.

All this time he had continued his orations with uninterrupted success, but now, finding it impossible to manage them alone, he was assisted by Mr. Smith, who, at his request, frequently played for him, and conducted them in his stead. With this assistance he continued his oratories till within eight days of his death. From about October 1578, his health declined very fast, and his appetite, which had been remarkably keen, and which he had gratified to a great degree, left him: he was very sensible of the approach of death, and refused to be flattered with any hopes of recovery; yet his mind, though at times it was greatly disordered during the latter part of his life, still continued in its full vigour, as appears by several songs and chorusses, and other compositions, which, from their date may be considered almost as the last sounds of his dying voice. On the 6th of April, 1759, his last oratorio was performed, at which he was present, and on the 14th he died; on the 20th he was interred by Dr. Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, in Westminster-abbey.

## MICRO-COSMOGRAPHY.

A QUACK DOCTOR is a person who, knowing himself ignorant of the profession he has embarked in, is willing to make the world believe otherwise; for this purpose he advertises himself, in public papers, as a person of wonderful skill, and, for the truth of his assertion, appeals to the testimony of suborned patients. As he is aware of his utter ignorance of the nature and properties of medicinals in general, he pretends to have made some nostrum his peculiar study, and, that this may answer all the purposes for which he has occasion, he has not nigardly confined its healing powers to one distemper, but attacks, with equal success, the ague and fever, the stone and the jaundice, and, in fact, the whole complication of animal diseases. He finds popularity is not attached to an unknown empiric; he gives an account of his travels in France and Germany, and, if he has a diploma, (which is not difficult to be obtained in some of the foreign universities) he never fails to exhibit in his bills fac simile of the writing of the professor who signed it.—He is a man who belies his own character, and rails, with all the bitterness of invective, against advertising doctors, and ignorant pretenders to physic.

If he is not so successful as he wishes, his next step is to procure some needy author to write a book in favour of his nostrum, and in praise of his skill: this book is entitled the tenth or twentieth edition, probably before the first has been sold. By these arts he becomes known, which he conceives is sufficient and it generally proves so.

The best cure he ever performed is his own purse, which, from being lean and sickly, is become plump and full. His learning consists much in his knowledge of the Latin and Greek names of diseases and superscriptions on the gallipots of his shop. If he has been, by accident, at some desperate or doubtful recovery, he claims the merit of the cure himself, and this adds to his reputation and practice, for his skill is merely opinion. Of all odours he likes the smell of urine best, and holds Vespasian's rule good, that no gain is unsavoury; if you send this once to him (which he earnestly entreats you to do) he immediately divines your disorder, and will never examine your water till he has shook it into a disease; he then applies his *never failing* remedy, and if it should not succeed, he will gravely tell you no other medicine could have succeeded. He tells you your malady in a number of unintelligible physical phrases, though it be only a cold or a headache, from which, by an adherence to his advice, you will shortly recover.—By these means he has risen above the regular practitioner, who has too much honour to sacrifice his conscience to his worldly gain. He styles himself a Galen, or a Paracelsus, although it is well known, that, in the profession of physic, (to use a vulgar application) he is but a *Solomon!*

☞ The worthy Doctor John Howard, more commonly stiled the 'Chinese Doctor,' will not we hope, suppose himself and his 'never-failing cures,' alluded to in the above picture whatever his patients, or their surdiving friends may say to the contrary.

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*For the Repository,*

*Mr Slender,*

I observe in your paper of the 11th ult. a request of a translation of Lines said to be the production of the unfortunate Trenck. Having half an hour's leisure, I attempted to give them an English dress. I hardly think it worth publishing; it is, however, at your service. It is peculiarly difficult to *translate* French verse into English, preserving at the same time the point and beauty of the original.

'Tis not the sparrow, worthless bird,
This cage confines; but one that's heard
When tempests dark do lour;
Ye friends to innocence—ye wise,
Release him, and his song shall rise,
To cheer your lonely hour.

The nightingale, who all delights,
Whose songs enlive our dreary nights,
We cruelly encage!
The sparrow, vile and wretched bird,
Who mischief does, and never fear'd,
Has liberty to age.....

The portrait here, so true and nappy,
Shews why the knaves so often happy,
While men of modesty and worth
Are made the jest of wanton mirth.

That you may form a more correct idea of the imitation, the following is a translation, *Verbatim*, of the first eight lines.

'Tis not a sparrow
Confin'd in a cage
It is one of those birds
That sings in a storm,
Open friends of the wise,
Break iron and bolts,
And his songs in your groves,
Shall ascend up for you.

W.

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*For the Repository.*

## THE MELANGE.

How often do we see vice and virtue mistaken for each other! The blush of honest indignation and purity of mind, mistaken for that of guilt and shame! How different are *delicacy* and *captiousness!* yet how often are they confounded, by ourselves and others. He who is offended at the omission of what he had *no right* to expect, and he who feels the minutest neglect of what he *ought to receive*, will certainly consider their sensations as the effect of the *same* principle; yet it is manifest that the *two* principles which *really* produce them, differ in the same degree as right and wrong. But they who *offend* will, perhas, as often confound captiousness and delicacy, as they that *are offended;* for, as they always suppose their own conduct to be *right*, it will necessarily follow, that they will impute to the *delicate* man, who *justly* resents it as *wrong*, the touchiness of the captious man, who condemns it without reason.—Thus, then, will these two things be *called* continually the same; yet, see how different they are in their natures. Delicacy, which by an exquisite sense, feels that a certain refinement is *due* to itself from others, is not only urged by that *very sense* to *bestow* it more freely upon them, but is *also* guarded against *requiring* a concession from others of more than is its due. Captiousness, which, on the contrary, does require a concession from others of more than is its due is, by that very principle, prompted to give them less than is their's. Delicacy is never deceived by mere appearances of offence; nay, it allows for the ignorance, deficiency, and mistakes of other men's minds. Captiousness resents improprieties, which are, perhaps, altogether ideal, and which, supposing them to exist, are measured—not by reason, but by pride. Delicacy finds its resource in itself, for real injuries. Captiousness is wounded by imaginary ones. Delicacy is sensible and exalted. Captiousness foolish and mean.

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## PARODY

On Romeo's description of an Apothecary.

I do remember an old Bachelor,
And hereabouts he dwells....whom late I noted
In suit of sables, with a care-worn brow,
Conning his books, and meager were his looks;
Celibacy had worn him to the bones;
And in his silent parlour hung a coat,
The which the moths had us'd not less than he:
Four chairs, a table, and an old hair trunk
Made up his furniture....and on his shelves
A grease-clad candle stick, a broken mug,
Two tumblers, and a box of old segars,
Remnants of volumes, (once in some repute,)
Were thinly scattered round, to tell the eye
Of prying strangers—THIS MAN HAD NO WIFE!
His tattered elbows gap'd most piteously;
And ever as he turn'd him round, his skin
Did thro' his stockings peep upon the day...
Noting his gloom, unto myself I said,
And if a man did covet single life,
Reckless of joys that matrimony gives,
Here lives a gloomy wretch would shew it him
In such dismal colours, that the shrew,
Or slut, or ideot, or the gossip spouse,
Were each a heaven, compar'd with such a life...
But this same thought does not fore-run MY need,
Nor shall this Bachelor tempt ME to wed.
—As I remember, this should be the house,
Being Sabbath noon, the outer door is shut.

The language of Gelon is—'it is—you must—*I* know,'——and no man knows *less* than Gelon. The language of Lelius is—'it *seems*—you *may*—I *believe*,'——and no man knows *more* than Lelius.

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An epigram has been aptly likened to a *scorpion* and a *jelly-bag*. The scorpion epigram, properly includes all that may be stiled satirical: that is to say, those that have a *sharp sting* in thkir tails. The jelly-bag will comprehend all the rest—namely, those which are *pointed* in the *end*, without any acrimony whatever.

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Flattery is the vice of men, who seek to raise themselves on the ruins of the pride they hope either to find or to inspire in women.

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*For the Repository.*

## THE DRAMA.

*February* 8.

Henry the Fourth was most cruelly mangled this evening. Owing to Mr Fennel's indisposition, the difficult character of Hotspur was undertaken by *M'Kenzie*, who acquitted himself tolerably. Though Mr Warren, in Falstaff, delighted the *gallery gentry*, he was not so correct as we could have wished. Mr Wood's Prince of Wales afforded considerable satisfaction. If he should again attempt this character we request him not to take so many liberties with the *text* of Shakspeare. Mr Cross *burlesqued* the King admirably, and caused more laughter than all the jests of Sir John. Mr Cain very ably supported the character of Sir Richard Vernon. Mr Bray appeared perfectly *at home* in *Bardolph*. Poins was well represented by Mr Woodham. Mrs Francis, in Hostess Quickly was, as usual, correct, and merited the applause of the audience.

[From the Providence Gazette.]

BRITANNIA's CONSOLATION

FOR THE LOSS OF HER

## IMMORTAL NELSON.

O Albion! thy cliffs heard Britannia lament,
As she gaz'd on the billows below;
Her bosom foreboded some dreadful event;
She trembled the tidings to know.

Where the blue bending firmament greets the blue stream,
Arose a form lovely and fair;
On his forehead a star newly wash'd threw a beam
No eye but Britannia's could bear.

He hastened (his visage was tinctur'd by grief,)
At thy feet, O Britannia, he threw
A laurel—so broad was its blossom & leaf,
It shaded the urn where it grew.

'Twas *Vict'ry*—& known to Britannia full well,
She smil'd on a present so fair;
Uncov'ring the foliage—her countenance fell,
The name of her Nelson was there.

Ah me! she exclaim'd, though the fragrance is sweet,
How soon does the bloom disappear!
The name on the urn how I tremble to meet!
This his laurel was purchas'd too dear!

Forbear, O Britannia! cried Vict'ry, be just,
Nor suffer such terrors to daunt;
For, believe me, fair goddess, from no *other* dust,
Bould spring forth so lovely a plant.

But this, (oh cease, my dear mistress, to weep,
And chase from thy forehead its gloom,)
Shall preserve, and to latest posterity keep,
Unimpair'd, all its fragrance & bloom.

Then stedfast she gaz'd—from her eyes fell a shower,
And full on the plant dropt the dew;
It caught the dear treasure, expanded its flower
Still broader and broader to view.

Now no shade of sorrow her countenance mars,
For scarcely her eyes can she turn;
While she gaz'd, the *name* broke into bright blazing stars,
And spangled with Glory the URN!

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## *SONG.*

Tune—— ANACREON.

Prepared for, and sung by, a gentleman at Georgetown, at an entertainment given in honour of Capts. S. DECATUR, jr. and CHS. STEWART.

When the warrior returns from the battle afar
To the home and the country he has nobly defended,
Oh! warm be the welcome to gladden his ear,
And loud be the joy that his perils are ended!
In the full tide of song, let his fame roll along,
To the feast-flowing board let us gratefully throng,
Where mixt with the olive the laurel shall wave,
And form a bright wreath for the brow of the brave.

Columbians! a band of thy brothers behold!
Who claim their reward in thy heart's warm emotion,
When thy cause, when thy honour, urg'd onward the bold,
In vain frown'd the desart—in vain rag'd the ocean.
To a far distant shore—to the battle's wild roar,
They rush'd, thy fair fame and thy rights to secure,
Then mixt with the olive, &c.

In the conflict resistless, each toil they endur'd,
Till their foes sunk dismay'd from the war's desolation;
And pale beam'd the Crescent, its splendor obscur'd
By the light of the star-spangled flag of our nation,
Where each flaming star gleam'd a meteor of war,
And the turban'd heads bow'd to the terrible glare,
Then mixt with the olive, &c.

Our fathers, who stand on the summit of fame,
Shall exultingly hear, of their sons, the proud story,
How their young bosoms glow'd with the patriot flame,
How they fought, how they fell, in the blaze of their glory,
How triumphant they rode o'er the wandering flood,
And stain'd the blue waters with infidel blood,
How mixt with the olive the laurel did wave,
And form a bright wreath for the brow of the brave.

Then welcome the warrior return'd from afar,
To the home and the country he so nobly defended,
Let the thanks due to valour now gladden his ear,
And loud be the joy that his perils are ended;
In the full tide of song let his name roll along,
To the feast-flowing board let us gratefully throng,
Where mixt with the olive the laurel shall wave,
And form a bright wreath for the brow of the brave.

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## EPIGRAM.

Your countenance, Jack, says my father one day,
Is form'd to ensure you disgrace:
Very likely, says I, it may be as you say,
For I know I've the *family face.*

—

ANOTHER.

Says Johnny to Paddy, I can't for my life,
Conceive how a *dumb* pair are made man and wife,
Since they can't with the form and the parson accord—
Says Paddy, you fool, they take each other's word.

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